Nov. 7, 1870

Oliver Johnson,

(Office of The Independent,)

New York City.

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P.S. Write me a letter as often as you can. Remember me to Mary Anne. We have had a fine day.

Roxbury, Nov. 7, 1870.

My dear Johnson:

I was highly delighted to get your letter of the 31st ult.; and for your congratulations on my recovery, I send you mine for your deliverance, after much suffering, from your "huge boil." Misery, it is said, loves company; and this may imply only a satisfaction in social sympathy under wretched conditions. But if any one takes pleasure in the misery of another because he himself is miserable, he deserves to be placed in solitary confinement until he has (as the theologians say) "experienced a change of heart."

During the two months that I was prostrated by my sickness, the amount of misery I experienced, owing to the inflammation and itching extending over my whole system, was beyond description. During all the nights for six weeks, no sleep came to my eyes, no slumber

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to my eyelids. Turning and tossing on my bed, and scratching myself as if "set on fire of hell," until the dawn of day, constituted my nightly demonstrations. I really grew almost frantic, and did not wonder that some are driven to commit suicide under intense mental or bodily suffering. For a fortnight past I have been steadily gaining, and, though still under medical treatment, feel almost like myself again. Indeed, I am led to hope and believe that I shall be the better for all this than I have been for a long time past. It is the opinion of at least two of my physicians that if my disease had not been thrown to the surface, as I have described, I should have had a stroke of paralysis.

You, too, must have had great anguish with your visitation. May the result of it be a solid gain to you in the matter of health. You have a heavy load to carry in your official situation; and my wonder is, not that you are occasionally "under the weather," but that you are not utterly broken down.

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I greatly admire and appreciate the self-reliant and truly catholic course pursued by The Independent, in regard to all theological matters. The paper is increasingly valuable in this respect, and deserves a still large circulation than it has yet obtained. This is the ~~true~~ right method to advance the truth and establish the kingdom of righteousness, let bigots say what they may.

A marble monument, in the shape of an obelisk eight feet high, is to be erected in the Swan Point Cemetery, at Providence, by one of his Greek friends and admirers, Photius Fisk, a retired naval chaplin, (who erected a monument to the memory of Capt. Drayton, at New Bedford,) over the remains of our late friend and co-laborer Henry C. Wright, with a suitable inscription thereon. When it is finished and in position, I will send you a paragraph for your column of miscellaneous intelligence. The lot in which the body lies interred was designated and described to me

after Henry's death, by himself, through Mrs. Rockwood, of Boston, a remarkable medium. I will give you all the particulars when I see you. Should I visit New York this season, it will be within the next ten days; but my coming is very uncertain now.

I concur in all that you write respecting the inconsistent and anomalous course pursued by W. P., in running for the office of Governor, the candidate of two hostile parties, and making electioneering speeches for his own election, characterized by angry invective, coarse denunciation, and libellous impeachment. When the moral reformer sinks himself into the political partisan, and justifies or connives at purchasing votes at the State House, it is something deeply to deplore. I see no other possible result growing out of his nomination but bringing the Copperheads into power, at least so far as the office of Governor is concerned, in this Commonwealth.

Your last, with check enclosed, is received.

Affectionately yours, Wm. Lloyd Garrison.

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